

HOW THE SUBURBER GETS THE LAWN HABIT

Feels the "Back-to-Nature" Springtime Habit, Buys Grass Seed and Gets Large Blisters and a Disgust.

The spring New Yorkers' fancy is to turn to the lawn. It is a plot wherein will grow fruits of flowers such as Justice Deuel never sowed in his most florid Florida scheme. And can the man have a little garden lawn? The man lives in Manhattan. Nuff said.

With the annual spring tonic, changes from flannels, general cleanliness, lining of winter in the lap of spring, the suburban dweller, moving from the city to the country, and vanguard of the golden harvest we have again in the midst of the usual crop of Gothamites afflicted with acute ingrowing lawn-laweritis.

Hits Flatbush Hard. The "back-to-the-soil" stories in the magazines are responsible for a lot of the suburban dweller of this city who would watch the contagion by natural means. It is the denizen of Brooklyn, Flatbush and the Bronx who unhesitatingly the old-fashioned local color, sits in his stuffy office and begins to evolve, generating dreams of running his arms to the elbows in the rich

where the lawn is going to be he notes that even his best, his nearest neighbor, turn up their noses at him. Some of those who shun him move from there. Even hardened automobiles are known to shy as they pass. The only persons who will associate with him are other fertilizer users.

It is a weird tale of the wonders of the first aids to growing. Short of South Midway, used some on his rubber plant. The poor plant grew so fast that when it reached the limit of its growth it was under such headway that it left the garden and ran down the street. The lawn-dweller, who had been using the fertilizer, was so much affected by the violence of the growth and disappeared upward. Brown had a little fertilizer left and put it in his collar to be used later in the season. The landlady flooded the cellar and it raised the house from its foundations.

In some of the residential districts of Brooklyn and Flatbush the nights are so quiet that residents can be seen listening at the windows to hear the grass growing. The amateur grass-cultivator sticks his head out of the window at dawn to see how much the grass has sprung up over night. Then comes the glad daybreak frolic with the lawn-mower, which brings the man sweating and panting to his office as tired as though he had done a day's work.

Storekeeper the Winner. Imitation is the sincerest flattery in the game. If the man on the corner puts in a rose bush the next man does so, and it runs down the block, and around the block. Same with little near-trees. It becomes a game of progressive lawn-planting. The prize all go to the storekeeper in Manhattan who handles lawn supplies.

Such is the alpha and omega of the New York lawn habit. Each spring he goes back to Nature. Later in the season he is ready to go back on Nature. He begins to feel the ends with mosquito bites, blisters, blighted hopes and soured feelings. Then he goes to the storekeeper and says: "Keep Off the Grass!"

Asks for Blue Grass. He saunters into the store and asks for grass seed. "What kind?" asks the storekeeper, who is wise to the plan. The amateur lawn cultivator looks baffled, and, grasping weakly at an idea gleaned from Kentucky literature, murmurs: "Why—blue grass—er?"

Not that he wants blue grass, but he realizes that he has to pretend to be particular. Then the storekeeper completely numbs him with "Perfection lawn seed," "park lawn seed," "velvet lawn seed," and other technical terms, and the poor victim takes what sounds like the prettiest. After that he has the lawn.

We see him rotating in the Brooklyn mire crushed under a lawn-mower. "How he holds tenderly in his arms, and at every turn the mower gives him he moves down rows of fellow-victims. He begins to talk lawn with his fellow-travelers and snarl like a farm-hand after a hard day's work.

He finds that, like an automobile, a lawn or box of grass seed is cheap enough to start with, but that a multitude of "incidents" adds to the expense. A fertilizer takes him confidently as a beginner not to use old-style fertilizer when modern compounds demand chemical grass-grower. He tries it.

Becomes Unpopular. He may have been a very popular man up to that time. But when, with gladness and the dear-old farm feeling in his heart, he has buttered the place

Farming Is Charming! In olden times farmers were reluctant to give up their homesteads. A proverbial "deal" was usually opposed by a pleading wife or daughter in these historic words: "Don't give up the farm, father."

Things have changed since then, and Long Island, New Jersey and New York farms are bringing their owners ever-increasing prices. Thus it is the shrewd usewife now pleads: "Let's sell our farm, father, and through World War we keep on buying and selling

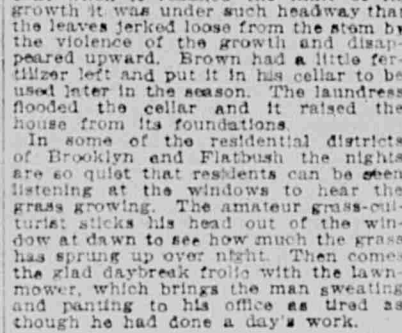
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THE CHEMICAL FERTILIZER, STIMULATES RUBBER PLANT.



MARK! I HEAR THE GRASS SHOOTING!

black soil, of acting as chauffeur to the lawn-mower as it ploughs a fragrant swath through the lush grass (not that he knows what "lush" grass is, but it sounds like breaking the liquor laws without restraint, harking to the song "the scythe as it croons through the meadow, which came some looks swell in an oil-painting, but raises water-blisters on soft hands; of possibly planting a working model of a tree on the lawn; of wearing a mosquito net hanging in graceful folds from the hat when one goes to massage the lawn.

When the dream reaches this stage it takes but a whiff of the justly celebrated breath of springtime and the sight of a store where lawns can be furnished by the day or week to force the New Yorker to the rash act.

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PISTOL FIGHT FROM CHILD'S PLAY

Jumping Rope Hit Italian, Who Drew Revolver When Interfered With.

Margaret Harley, twelve years old, of No. 46 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, was jumping the rope last night, when the rope hit a passing Italian and caused shots to be fired and a desperate fight between policeman and bystanders.

The Harley girl had one end of the rope, the other being in the hands of a friend, on First avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-first street, when the rope hit Pasquale Cilio, thirty years old, of No. 26 East One Hundred and

Forty-eighth street. The Italian started to upbraid the girl, when her brother John came up. Pasquale pulled a revolver and began to fire at Harley. Policeman Hunt ran up, he attempted to disarm the infuriated Italian and the two engaged in a scuffle that caused them to roll on the street. The policeman managed to blow his whistle and another officer came to his rescue.

The two subdued the man, but were compelled to drag him to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station.

PHILADELPHIA OFF COAST. The American Line steamer Philadelphia, from Southampton and Cherbourg for New York, communicated by wireless telegraph with Sable Island, N. S., when the vessel was 70 miles east of the Sandy Hook Lightship last night at 11:30. She will probably reach her pier here at 7 P. M. to-morrow.

A Rock of Mystery. Lieut. Alan Drummond, of the British Navy, recently blundered upon a mysterious rock in Indian ocean that has stirred up international complications. For fuller particulars see Robert Barr's masterpiece, "A Rock of Mystery," which begins in the Sunday World next Sunday.

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